**В4-В10**

**ИСХОДНЫЙ ТЕКСТ**

Dorian Gray turned slowly around and looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "It is too late, Basil," he faltered.

"It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we cannot remember a prayer. Isn't there a verse somewhere, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow'?"

"Those words mean nothing to me now."

"Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don't you see that accursed thing leering at us?"

Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward came over him, as though it had been suggested to him by the image on the canvas, whispered into his ear by those grinning lips. The mad passions of a hunted animal stirred within him, and he loathed the man who was seated at the table, more than in his whole life he had ever loathed anything. He glanced wildly around. Something glimmered on the top of the painted chest that faced him. His eye fell on it. He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had forgotten to take away with him.

**В4-В10**

**ОБРАБОТАННАЯ ВЕРСИЯ (объём 212 слов**)

Dorian Gray turned slowly around and looked

at him with tear-dimmed eyes.

"It is too late, Basil," he faltered.

"It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel

down and try if we cannot remember a prayer.

Isn't there a verse somewhere, 'Though your

**B4** sins be as scarlet, yet I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ them **MAKE**

**B5** as white as snow'?" **WHITE**

**B6** "Those words mean \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_to me now." **SOMETHING**

"Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough

evil in your life. My God! Don't you see that

accursed thing leering at us?"

Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly

an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil

**B7** Hallward came over him, as though it \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **SUGGEST**

to him by the image on the canvas, whispered

**B8** into his ear by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ grinning lips. The mad **THAT**

passions of a hunted animal stirred within him,

**B9** and he loathed the man who \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ at the **SEAT**

table, more than in his whole life he had ever

loathed anything. He glanced wildly around.

Something glimmered on the top of the painted

chest that faced him. His eye fell on it. He knew

**B10** what it was. It was a knife that he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ up, **BRING**

some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had

forgotten to take away with him.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | ***KEYS*** |
| **В4** | **WILL MAKE** |
| **В5** | **AS WHITE AS** |
| **В6** | **NOTHING** |
| **В7** | **HAD BEEN SUGGESTED** |
| **В8** | **THOSE** |
| **В9** | **WAS SEATED** |
| **В10** | **HAD BROUGHT** |